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NO. 32.

NELLIE STEWART'S TEST

By CHARLES A. HARTLEY

An appalling crash of thunder caused Wallace Gordon to pull up his restless team sharply and take stock of the situation. He had been conscious, in a way, for the previous hour that a heavy downpour of rain was beating on the top and sides of his snugly closed vehicle, but up to that moment he had not realized the serious side of it.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "This looks bad—deuced bad. A little more of it and there will be all sorts of trouble!"

He pulled back the team to a semblance of order and went on under the whip, lurching through broad pools and muddy rivulets which were breaking across the highway in many places. He had been on a 40-mile drive that day and was returning with a mind ill at rest. The evening before he had called on the wisome, but old-fashioned Nellie Stewart for a final answer to his petition of love. Miss Nellie was not old-fashioned in appearance by any means, but she had aggravated old-fashioned ideas about the continuation of love when once plighted, as her impetuous young lover had put it a hundred times in his solitary drive.

"Wallace, dear," she had said on parting, "give me just 24 hours more. I must be absolutely sure on every point. If we do marry it must not be for a month, a year or half a lifetime, but for all time. Now, away down in your heart, dear," looking steadily into his eyes, "do you think that you could continue to love me when I am old, faded, withered—love me as you do now—as I know you do?"

"I do."

"I know it is extremely selfish of me to be so exacting when I can do no more myself than give you my sacred word that I shall be loving and faithful to the end as I require of you; somehow I think I know myself—but—" she broke off with a quaver.

In a moment she had recovered and



There Was a Renewal of the Storm's Fury.

was smiling up at him. "Come back this time tomorrow evening," she said, "and then I will be able to give you my answer one way or the other."

Gordon was on his way back when the crashing storm had interrupted his train of thought. He was within two miles of home now and the girl of his affections lived a mile off, at right angles on a beautiful country lane.

"Heaven help me!" he muttered, sawing at the lines in an attempt to keep the horses heads pointed in a homeward direction. "This is a cloud-burst and the bridge will not stand another five minutes."

He attempted to send the horses ahead with lash and harsh commands, but the poor beasts knew the danger ahead better than did their distracted master and they dashed from the road toward higher ground in an open field. As the team came around, fanning the raging waters, Gordon caught a glimpse of a figure at the extreme entrance to the bridge. The horses were still plunging, but in a moment he had them nearer the bridge and could make out that the person was a woman. She was standing on the guard rail clinging to an upright post while the angry water leaped and bounded hungrily at her feet. She was calling for help, but the roar of the waters drowned her words to a mere jumble.

Gordon's first impulse was to spring from the buggy, breast the water, already shoulder high, and running like a sea across the space at the approach to the bridge, and lend whatever aid he could to the woman; but before he could get his feet clear of the robes and trappings and spring out, there was a crash, followed by a scream, and the old bridge toppled from its foundations and floated away, at first hesitatingly and then swinging to mid-stream gained momentum and in a moment was racing with the raging torrent. An immense pile of driftwood had struck it near the middle and it was gone before Gordon could realize what had happened. For a second he remained stricken into inaction. When the structure had fallen from its supports and buoyantly came to the surface after the first plunge, he saw the woman still clinging to the post. She seemed to have

remained on the top side of the destroyed structure and as yet had not suffered greatly.

The team was sent flying down a side road parallel with the stream. In five minutes Gordon was abreast of the swiftly floating bridge. He leaned out and called at the top of his voice: "Hold fast; I'll get you off somehow."

The woman feebly waved a hand to signify that she had heard him. The team went on at the speed of the wind. Half a mile down stream he jerked his horses to a sudden stop and sprang out on the spongy sod. A hundred yards above the bridge had become entangled in a tree top and was swinging out of the main current. It paused dizzily in an eddying circle. Gordon could see the woman in the same position that she had at first occupied. He looked about for material for an improvised raft. Nothing was in sight and he was about to pull off his coat and swim to the rescue when the bridge again swung out and went on.

Gordon sprang back to his vehicle and followed in pursuit, calling as he went: "Keep up your courage; there is still hope!"

A half mile farther on, the bridge grounded against an island of bushes on a slight elevation. In a moment it swung shoreward and came to a dead stop. Gordon could see the woman lying face downward across the rough timber. He plunged into the seething waters a hundred yards above with the determination to reach the wreckage. He had given himself that distance as a leeway against being beaten down by the current. Wading obliquely with the current, he was soon waist deep, then shoulder deep in the tumbling drift-laden waters. He kept his feet with difficulty and was in the act of taking a long breath for the final plunge when a section of board fence floated against him. He grasped it with both hands and braced himself to stop it. It swung in below him and bobbed lightly in the less agitated water. Clinging to the raft with one hand and holding onto some bushes with the other he looked about. He had his raft but he lacked means of propelling it. Looking up and down, he saw a long fence-stake floating nearer shore. Pulling it up with an effort he wedged it beneath the raft to where the water was less than knee deep, he secured the stake, stepped on the raft and pushed out, pulling with all his might. The raft carried him safely enough but was being swept down by the current so rapidly that he feared he would miss the bridge. Setting the end of the pole in the softened earth, he braced himself and sent the frail craft forward at good speed. He was within a few yards of the end of the bridge and was floating by at an alarming rate of speed. Once more he thrust the pole down. His heart almost stopped for he could not reach bottom. At that instant there was a scraping sound at his feet and he saw the top branches of a sapling raking by. Dropping the pole he clutched one of the branches and lying flat on the raft he held on with set teeth. The shock of the sudden stop almost tore the flesh from his hands. Gradually the strain slackened and the raft swung against the bridge. He shifted his position quickly and grasped one of the bridge timbers. The next moment he was standing on the bridge. The raft was pulled up sufficiently to prevent it from washing away.

Gordon then sprang toward the woman. "Poor old soul," he exclaimed, stooping over her. She wore a sunbonnet, which had become wet and hung over her face, hiding her features. A faded shoulder shawl had slipped up about her neck while a cheap calico dress clung about her drenched form. All this Gordon saw at a glance as he stooped to raise the limp body.

"She's probably some poor old grandmother," Gordon said half aloud as he staggered along with the body in his arms toward the raft. Placing her on one of the planks with her head lying on one of the posts which served as a cross-section to the raft, he pushed off, grasping the tops of bushes here and there to start him shoreward. Then grasping his pole he worked frantically until the raft was safe, in shallow water. Jumping into the water waist-deep, he picked up the woman and waded ashore. Reaching a grassy plot he gently lowered her to the ground, and pulling back the wet folds of the bonnet which had concealed her face up to that time, he looked at the still face. Staggering back with blanched face he cried: "My God, it is Nellie!"

At first he fell to chafing her hands and calling her name imploringly, then springing to his feet he ran to the buggy for the lap robes. Wrapping her in them he hurried with her to the buggy and lifted her in the best he could. He grasped the lines with one hand and steadied her with the other. The heads of the horses were turned toward the Stewart home.

They had not gone a hundred yards before the girl shuddered and otherwise manifested symptoms of returning consciousness in response to the lover's agonizing appeals to her to speak.

"Oh, Wallace, can you ever forgive me?" she whispered when she could speak. "Oh, what a foolish, foolish thing I did!"

He pressed her closer.

"I was going to test your respect for old age."

"I come out in these poor clothes to meet you and I expected somehow to find a way in the guise of a poor, old woman to test you without being found out. Then the storm came and I was caught in the bridge."

For a moment there was silence.

Then, Gordon asked: "Nellie, do you still doubt me?"

"No," was the faint whisper near his ear. "Now, I doubt only myself."

IN WAR ON INSECTS

Dr. Howard Kills Crop Destroyers by Scientific Methods.

Parasites Cultivated to Prey Upon Injurious Bugs—Washington Hears Miss Elkins Will Become Mrs. William Hitt.

Washington.—The history of crop failures due to the effect of harmful and destructive insects is a well-known one. For many years the growers of wheat, cotton, fruit and other produce have been harassed and even defied by these parasites that eke out their existence by destroying millions and even billions of dollars' worth of the harvests of the country.

The destruction and blighting of the crops caused by harmful insects has long been made a study by the agricultural authorities at Washington, and the results in the direction of rid-



Dr. L. O. Howard.

ding the country of such pests have been very favorable in every way. Dr. L. O. Howard, head of the bureau of entomology at Washington, the largest and most efficient organization of its kind in the world, has become the leading exponent and the acknowledged expert of the cult of setting an insect to kill an insect—the science of parasitology.

The method used by Dr. Howard is to suppress the harmful insects and to foster the useful ones, that is to destroy the destroyers by abetting the destroyers of the destroyers. Thus has arisen a new and ingenious branch of scientific endeavor, the expert culture of insect parasites. Already a number of the most important pests have been reduced to innocuousness by the insects of prey which have been set upon the trait; and while many others must still be combated imperfectly by artificial methods, relentless science is scouring the world for the tiny many-legged hounds which shall eventually hunt them down.

Theoretically every insect has its own specific enemy or enemies. These may prey upon it directly as certain beetles prey upon the larvae of the foliage-destroying moths; or they may feed upon its eggs, as is the case with many ladybirds, or they may deposit their own eggs either within the body or the egg of the victim, thereby destroying the immediate or prospective generation. Always these enemies tend to keep the insect pests within normal limitations. Doubtless in many cases the parasite would wholly destroy a species were it not for the existence of hyper-parasites which prey upon it and keep it from overexpansion. In a state of nature this balance between the various species is automatically preserved until man with his ignorance of their nature enters and disturbs the whole status.

Insect immigration has been the curse of American agriculture. Of our 72 importantly destructive species—those whose destructive powers amount up to millions of dollars annually—35 have come to us from other countries. The codling moth, the curse of apple and pear orchards, is of European origin. The dreaded cotton boll-weevil hails from Mexico. The San Jose scale comes from the Immemorial east. The gypsy moth and the brown-tail moth, twin plagues of New England trees, were brought by accident from the old world.

As soon as an imported insect shows signs of becoming formidable, experts trace it from country to country until they find a region where it has been known for a long time, but has never reached the proportions of a pest. In such a place they are pretty sure to find a parasite which is keeping the depredator down. If they can acclimate that parasite and establish it side by side with the importation, the problem is solved. Such was the method in the case of the white or citrus scale invasion of California. The scale was imported by a collector of plants at San Jose, probably from Australia. In a few years it had spread enormously, and was simply wiping out the orange crop wherever it gained a foothold. Working in conjunction with the progressive state authorities of California, the United States Bureau of Entomology sent an emissary to Australia, where the scale was discovered in what was then supposed to be its original environment. With the Australian scale, and preying upon its eggs, was found a small red-and-black ladybird, the Novius cardinalis. One hundred of these were brought back to California, bred and distributed. To the terrified and skeptical orange growers

the result must have seemed infraeious. Within two years from the time when the first ladybird began to breakfast on scale eggs, the victory was completely won. It was more than a victory; it was a slaughter. Since then the white scale, while it is not wholly eliminated and never will be, has ceased to be an element of peril to the citrus orchards of California.

Occasionally at practically no cost, science wins a victory. The experts by turning their glass upon the clover seed midge found that it produced two generations coincident with the clover crop. Generation number one was never very damaging. But generation number two often destroyed the whole second crop. This being ascertained, the farmers were instructed to cut the first crop ten days earlier. Thus the adult midges were laid away with the crop before any but the most forehanded had laid their eggs. By this procedure the second growth of clover escaped attack.

From an economic viewpoint much of the most important work of parasitization is yet to be done. The discovery of a parasitic destroyer of the oil warble, for example, would mean a saving of \$8,000,000 yearly in the value of cattle which come to the Chicago stockyards alone. Somewhere perhaps, a form of insect is missing its opportunities, which might be employed in ridding American grain fields of the chinch bug, thereby saving a loss of as high as \$60,000,000 in bad years.

There is a crying need of successful parasite checks upon the Mediterranean flour moth, the army worm, the striped cucumber beetle, the house-breaking moth, which corrupts our stored clothing, and the peach tree borer, to name only a few familiar species with expensive appetites.

But the greatest potential discoverer is that of the parasitic benefactor which should perform upon the American house fly or the mosquito the miracle of exorcism which St. Patrick wrought on the snakes of Erin. In round numbers \$300,000,000 would not be an overestimate of the consequent saving in human life and earning power, plus the increased value of real estate.

MISS ELKINS TO WED AMERICAN.

Washington.—To see married the girl it was thought would be his bride, is the luck of the duke of the Abruzzi. What kind of luck it is for the duke to tell, if he will.

William F. Hitt, who seems to have made a greater hit than his dukedom, is the luckier man, and the kind of luck he is in is plumb to appreciate.

Katherine Elkins is the girl in the case. She is the girl whose name for two years past has been linked with that of the duke, and to forget his sorrow in not winning her it was said he went to Africa to hunt tigers. And now he is coming to Washington to see the girl he lost won by another man.

The wedding is promised for the early days of the next social season

MISS KATHERINE ELKINS.

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SATURDAY, September 3, 1910



GET YOUR CONGRESSMAN
TO VOTE
FOR SAN FRANCISCO-1910

THE PANAMA-PACIFIC
INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Governor James N. Gillett, when calling the special session of the legislature to secure an appropriation of \$5,000,000 by the California Legislature for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition made a wise move, for every part of the State is benefited and, in that way, pays its just proportion and the enhancement of California's wealth will be a hundred fold in every hook and cranny and our esteemed Governor deserves the support of every California citizen in the Golden State.

The Sun rises in the west today—the San Francisco Democratic Sun.

ROOSEVELT'S HONORS TO
"OSSAWATOMIE" BROWN.

The creed of former President Roosevelt, if put in operation, can do the country no harm. No government should be paternal nor for a particular class. He would free the White Slave, by affording the race an opportunity to earn honest living. The opening of John Brown Park at Ossawatomie was the psychological moment for the renewal of civic freedom. Colonel Roosevelt paid Captain John Brown who was familiarly known in Kansas as "Ossawatomie Brown"—a hearty tribute, in honor of the martyr to human liberty. The editor of the Terminal can not help but being strongly impressed by Roosevelt's liberty oration for Captain John Brown was of our own blood.

STATE RECOGNITION
FOR NEW METHOD

Among the gems of literature of the school room is a six-page booklet, entitled, "Why Not Teach the Geography of Today?" it has come to our desk. This subject is ably treated by Mr. Thomas P. Brown, of the able clerical force of Hon. Edward Hyatt, State Superintendent of Public Instruction and the treatise, including bibliography of noted personal references establishing its need, were distributed from the State Educational Department.

The daily changes of growth has rendered the necessity of bringing the study of local geography down to the present tense, and eliminates ideas that are be-whiskered, long-haired, and unkempt that prevail in the psychological attics of too many grammar and high school graduates under the guise of knowledge of geography.

Mr. Brown, in recognition of the great industrial, commercial and civic growth has introduced the "progressive idea" in geography teaching by use of railroad illustrated literature, folders of chambers of commerce, boards of trade, city council, county supervisors, of factory, mine, oil industry, field, forest and work shop, together with treatises from experts in scientific road making, up-to-date knowledge. Mr. Brown's method is original, logical, psychological and progressive and has attracted the attention of the "live ones" in California and her sister states.

City News.

Richmond is growing and that's what they all say.

Mrs. Sleight's treatise on Richmond Channel has received comment very favorably and widely.

The lots of the canal subdivision will be filled, because the owners have repeatedly said so.

The talk of ostrich farm has been revived for an unsettled portion in the city limits.

Macdonald Avenue much resembles Broadway, Oakland, or Market Street, San Francisco.

Sheriff Wade has strong evidence that he has caught the fire bug who has probably been setting fires on his own hook.

The large onion shown in the Terminal window was grown in Richmond and was a sample from the Globe Grocery Co., on South Ninth street.

Having leased their building on Macdonald avenue, the Women's Real Estate Exchange has moved to the Photograph Building, Diamond Block—No. 1112, between eleventh and Twelfth streets.

When the canal lots are filled the city hall will be moved down to Giro street, on the site which is approved by the city fathers, and which is being advertised broadcast in Richmond literature.

Things look so good on Macdonald avenue that business is centering on that thoroughfare, and the ads written for the big Fresno and Oakland dailies by Herbert Brown and George Wall bring many people to the business centers. Big stores from San Francisco are looking over Macdonald avenue—one a large furniture store; another for a garage; another for a soda works.

Many Going

To Circus

Richmond Will Be Well
Represented in Oakland
on Sunday and Monday,
Sept. 4 and 5

The Barnum and Bailey Greatest on Earth in the powerful magnet that will draw thousands of people from RICHMOND and vicinity on SUNDAY and MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th and 5th to OAKLAND. The railroads will make a special fare and excursions will be run.

A glance at the list of features offered by this circus discloses many wonders. Jupiter, the Balloon Horse, takes a trip to the dome of the tent and comes back to earth and a shower of fireworks. Desperately a rascall Barnum dives from the top of the arena to the ground, lighting on his bare chest. Charlie the First, a clowns, presents a greater bicycle and acrobatic act than any man ever achieved. A company of fifty clowns creates incessant laughter. A member of the Siegert silken family of acrobats, "Jupiter," the Balloon Horse, takes a trip to the dome of the tent and comes back to earth and a shower of fireworks. Desperately a rascall Barnum dives from the top of the arena to the ground, lighting on his bare chest. Charlie the First, a clowns, presents a greater bicycle and acrobatic act than any man ever achieved. A company of fifty clowns creates incessant laughter. 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**20,000
Population in 1915**
RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

City of Richmond—
Notice: The annual challenges are placed
in the World to show as great railroad develop-
ment in nine years.

**TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND FROM THE
MACDONALD AVENUE DEPOTS AS
FOLLOWS:**

Southern Pacific

The subway, at the main Richmond depot on Macdonald avenue, at a cost of \$55,000, a permanent mechanism, built in 1909, fixes for all time the central commercial traffic way.

The next improvement will be a modern, enlarged station, to be located on the Avenue, a half mile east of the depot, an extension north from Berkeley to the depot, looping the loop via West Berkeley to San Francisco, with a 20 cent fare.

Toward San Francisco
No. 23 Tropicana Express 4 p.m.
No. 41 Santa Rosa, Calistoga, Livermore 5 p.m.
No. 17 Sacramento and Oregon 6 p.m.
No. 20 Sacramento and Oregon 7 p.m.
No. 33 Bay Point 8 p.m.
No. 45 Bay Point 9 p.m.
No. 46 Bay Point 10 p.m.
No. 7 Los Angeles Express 1 p.m.
No. 10 Sacramento 2 p.m.
No. 12 Sacramento 3 p.m.
No. 14 San Joaquin 4 p.m.
No. 16 San Joaquin 5 p.m.
No. 17 Bay Point Local 5 p.m.
No. 18 due 5:20 p.m. and No. 19 due 6 p.m. will stop to let off passengers from the 40th Street station, and return to the depot.
No. 1 (Overland Limited) due 6 p.m. and No. 3 due 7:20 p.m. will stop to let off passengers from east of the 40th Street station.

From San Francisco
No. 24 Davis, Watson Portland 12:28 a.m.
No. 20 Sacramento and Oregon 1 p.m.
No. 22 Sacramento and Oregon 2 p.m.
No. 24 San Joaquin 3 p.m.
No. 26 San Joaquin 4 p.m.
No. 28 Los Angeles Express 5 p.m.
No. 29 Sacramento 6 p.m.
No. 30 Sacramento 7 p.m.
No. 32 Sacramento 8 p.m.
No. 34 Stockton & Fresno 9 p.m.
No. 36 Stockton & Fresno 10 p.m.
No. 38 Stockton & Fresno 11 p.m.
No. 39 Stockton Local 12 a.m.

When buying tickets for points north of Sacramento, Cal., train No. 1, running west, will stop at Rio Vista, Suisun, Vallejo, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, San Leandro, Fremont, Newark, Union City, Fremont, Alameda, Berkeley, San Francisco, and San Jose. No. 2, (Overland Limited) due 6 p.m. and No. 3 due 7:20 p.m. will stop to let off passengers at Richmond.

For rates and tickets call at the S. P. office, 110 Fourth Street, or any of the stations, or at any ticket agent in all parts of the United States, Canada, Mexico and all Steamship ports. If you wish to get on the Overland Limited, San Francisco, call at the S. P. office, 110 Fourth Street.

This table is subject to change without notice.

DAY AND NIGHT FIRE POLICE
Phone 4291 H. A. SILVER Agent

**BOOST
For Exposition
For 1915**

M. GRUNHUT

110 Fourth Street, near Bissell Ave.
Fancy Embroidery Work
done on
Shirt Waists and Linen Suits
This work taught 50c per hour

BANK OF RICHMOND

General Secs.
President, Wm. Minter
Vice President, Wm. L. Johnson
Cashier, Alexander Stanley
Issues Bills Exchange available through
the United States

FREE!
One Large Photo
With every dozen
CABINETS
Mothers! Bring your darlings in and have your pictures taken at
DAMMAND'S

AMERICAN Cleaning Co.
Telephone 4521
W. G. Mayer, Manager
WORK called for and de-
livered. Suits cleaned
and pressed weekly. \$1.50
a month.
1116 Macdonald Ave.

Bert Curry
Undertaker
Embalmer
Park Place
Prompt Service
DAY OR NIGHT
DAY OR NIGHT PHONE 4291

**DEWEY CAFE
AND
OYSTER GROTTO**
220 Macdonald Avenue
JUST OPENED
FRENCH and ITALIAN DINNERS

TOWN TALK

Subscribe for the TERMINAL.

Get on to Philpott's bargains.

It was read in the Terminal.

It is all one city now. Find the city.

Richmond has industry all around and business in the middle.

Harry Thole and wife and little heir are up from Santa Maria visiting his relatives friends.

The Wells Fargo Express Co. office shows a vast increase in business over last year.

A fine machine-Hot Pea nuts and Pop corn every day—Tennesse see Store.

Mrs. J. Banks was in Richmond this week, looking well after a severe surgical operation in Morton Hospital.

Hon. R. R. Véale was a pleasant caller on the Terminal office this week. His campaign looks good everywhere.

The Cave is the name of the barber shop between First and Second street. To find Barberi and Esola, the guest may go farther in its depths.

A. B. McKenzie defeated his opponent by only seven votes. There was no contest. The gentleman visited this city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowe have moved to Oakland where Mr. Rowe has accepted a position with the Western Pacific Company.

We are getting trade from Pt. Richmond, Stege and San Pablo—Why? They get quality goods and cheaper. Tennessee Store.

Fred C. Schram & Co. sold the south-west corner of Fifth and Macdonald and a fire proof building is to be erected by the new owner at a cost of \$20,000.

The editor was in Sacramento and received an invitation to attend a reception in honor of Prof. Williams by Hon. and Mrs. Edward Hyatt at their home.

Chandler & Ronckuck will occupy the entire building owned by Borden & Sleight, the lower floor to be used for a complete line of groceries and creamery headquarters.

Tommy Gorevan, an independent and was elected to two political jobs, one for cleaning windows at the city hall and one was to spray surfaces of stagnant pools of dirty mosquito nests.

Just received—large shipment of vanity from New York City—Coats Ben Bons, Hair Creams, French Kisses, Fruit Drops, Fudge Creams etc. All goes at 10c per box. 2 boxes for sale. Tennessee Store, 260 Macdonald Avenue.

MAPLE HALL RE-OPENS

J. Levi has leased Maple Hall, expended \$2,000 in fittings and painted the exterior yellow and is bringing the hall back to its old popularity. The guests are quick to enter and slow to depart. Mr. Levi knows how to please and will open a grill in connection. Go and enjoy his hospitality. See the ad.

**WINEHAVEN'S AFFAIRS
THE FIREMEN'S BALL**

Winchaven is about to carry off another honor their second annual ball to be given by Richmond Volunteer Fire Department of that cozy and progressive port. Superintendent S. Bennett, E. B. Loop, K. Floyd, Charles Mahnke and Chief Bosse have planned the affair with many brilliant features in arrangements, reception and floor. The committees will spare no pains to make of the event the most enjoyable social function of the season. Our readers remember their "first annual" last year, so if you would have bushels of fun this year just "drop yur knittin," buy your ticket and make your date for East Shore Park, on the evening of October 18.

Refreshments will be served free all evening, a la Winchaven, in the varied forms of lemonade, orangeade, pineappleade, and bananaade, and so on, nothing alcoholic. The password of the Winchaven firemen is: "Drink, but don't get funny."

It has been the good fortune of the Firemen to secure the Logan-Schwartz full orchestra. There will be offered two prizes for the best waltzers. Grand march goes forward at 8:30 p. m., sharp.

RICHMOND RESTAURANT.

Richmond Restaurant, near the postoffice and Sixth and Macdonald avenue car junction is always crowded because so convenient.

DEWEY ARRIVES.

The Dewey Cafe and Oyster Grotto near Third Street is doing a very good restaurant business day and night. The public likes the service and the place has been well patronized since the opening. The best Italian and French dinners served.

WANTS TREATMENT.

Napa, August 31, 1910.
Dr. Warren B. Brown,

Editor Terminal, Richmond.
Dear Sirs: I think I will have to come and take treatment—I feel somewhat sick, because I have not received your paper for two weeks.

Yours truly,
W. H. B. S., Napa, 18 Main St.

P. S. We sent our "patient" the required newspaper food done up in a little package.—Ed.

Jones and Adkison have sold their choice property near Third Street. They retained their immense dry goods business.

Notice to Voters.

Registration closes for the purpose of voting for School Trustees on March 1st, 1910, for the purpose of voting at Municipal Elections, on March 10th, 1910, for the purpose of voting at the Primary Election, on July 20th, 1910, and for the purpose of voting at the General Election on September 28, 1910.

You may register with the County Clerk or any of his deputies. Dated February 3, 1910.

J. H. WELLS,
County Clerk of Contra Costa Co., Calif.

The following are Registration Deputies.

John A. Evans, Steger, T. Park Jacobs, Point Richmond; H. H. Turley, Point Richmond; Geo. K. Drew Point Richmond; M. J. Keiv, Richmond; J. A. Doughty, Richmond; Frank B. Lowe, Winchaven; W. H. Williams, Grinn; George E. Viderca, San Pablo.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT

We do not protest against these unexpected but certain expenses.

**THE RICHMOND HOSPITAL
ASSOCIATION**

will take you as a risk. It has given off no quack dead and will do the same for you.

It furnishes a medical doctor at the first service in extras during a week and while recovering from a cold.

Ambulance Service Day and Night.

DR. H. V. REEDY, Manager
110 Fourth Street, 1101 Macdonald Avenue.

Phone 4291. Room 209.

Residence 1104 San Anselmo Avenue.

Lemon Hotel, 1109 3rd Street.

REGISTRATION DEPUTIES.

TRY.

Red Seal

MALT TONIC

F. W. Westdahl, Agent

1104 San Anselmo Avenue.

REGISTRATION DEPUTIES.

Old Gilt Edge

Whiskey

Rye or Bourbon

LANDSCAPE

General Gardening

By contract, or day's work.

Yards beautified from HOME

Plants, Trees, Palms

Ferns and Shrubbery

of all kinds.

FRUIT TREES A SPECIALTY

1025 Fifteenth St., Richmond, Calif.

REGISTRATION DEPUTIES.

Maple Hall

234 Ohio Ave., Cor. Third St.

Under new management

J. LEVI, Manager

Newly remodeled inside and out.

To let for balls, parties, etc. Fine

grill and banquet room in connec-

tion.

Richmond Laundry

General Laundry Work done promptly

Ladies' & Gents' Suits cleaned & pressed

Phone 4414

292 Macdonald Ave.,

near to Street, Richmond, Calif.

REGISTRATION DEPUTIES.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

(Fifteenth Township)

Of Contra Costa County

Election Tuesday, November 8, 1910

C. A. Odell

Regular Republican Nominee for

RECORDER

Of Contra Costa County

Election Tuesday, November 8, 1910

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE

of Rudolph Axel (sometimes called Rudolph Axel Norling), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the under-

signed, Administrator of the estate of

Rudolph Axel Norling), deceased, to the

creditors of, and all persons having

claims against the said deceased, to ex-

hibit them with the necessary vouchers,

within four months after the first pub-

lication of this notice, to the said Adminis-

trator at the law office of A. B. McKenzie,

1025 Fifteenth Street, Martinez, Cal., which

is designated as the place of business in

all matters connected with said estate.

Dated Aug. 22, 1910.

MARTIN W. JOOST,

Administrator of the estate of Rudolph

Axel (sometimes called Rudolph Axel

RHEUMATISM



Get a
25-cent
vial.
If it
fails to
cure
I will
refund
you
money.
Munyon.

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure

The Doctor's Gift.

Dr. Robert Glynn-Clobery, a delightful old character described in "Reminiscences of Cambridge," was a fellow of King's College, where he resided during a long illness he attended a poor man of whose party a pert, talkative magpie made out, and as the patient observed that Dr. Glynn Clobery always, when paying a visit had some joke with the bird, he thought that perhaps the doctor might like to possess it.

Accordingly, when the poor man was well again, with overflowing gratitude, but with no money to pay a bill, he thought he could do no better than make his kind friend a present of the magpie; and so the prisoner in its cage was conveyed to his rooms in King's College.

The bearer met with a kind reception, but was desired to carry the bird back with him.

"I cannot," said the doctor, "take so good care of it as you can; but I shall consider it mine, and I entrust it to you to keep for me, and as long as it lives I will pay you half a crown weekly for its maintenance."

PIANO SALE

ALL POPULAR MUSIC 15¢ WHY PAY MORE

Save One-half on Musical Instruments
Send for Free Catalogues.

J. R. SMITH,
1306 Fillmore St. Also 256 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Picture Warfare.

In these days of practice war and mimic battles, the nervous person who is in need of reassurance from time to time. A writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer recounts the story of the correspondent of a great daily who, on his way home across lots, had happened to fall in with a full-blown military force. As the reporter came up, an aid rushed into the general's presence.

"General," he cried, "the enemy is advancing in force on our left wing!"

The general's frown grew darker and, raising his field glass, he peered long and earnestly toward the rear.

"What is detaining him?" he growled.

"Are you waiting for reinforcements, general?" the correspondent somewhat timidly asked.

"Reinforcements!" thundered the general. "Certainly not. I'm waiting for the moving picture man."

At that moment the runabout bearing the picture machine whirled into position, and the battle began.

AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP CO.

Tehuantepec Route
Regular Fast Freight Service
New York - San Francisco
and Hawaiian Islands - Sailings from New York every six weeks
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Country Pleas of To-Day.

Suppose you had been touring in an airship and had been spinning over Kansas in a light summer breeze. Suppose that you had noticed signs of activity as you approached the little town called Frankfort. Picture your astonishment, says J. George Frederick in the Travel Magazine, on learning that there was an automobile fete on that day and that several hundred farmers and their families were streaming their cars into town, until the streets of the town were quite blocked with autos.

Your ideas of a backwoods Kansas town and the farmers would have a rude jar, for here was Mine Farmer in a becoming automobile veil and a stylish tailormade suit taking tea at an afternoon reception—instead of working the butter churn, in a wrapper, or staring open-mouthed out of the window in a scared way when you steamed past in your auto.

And there was her daughter, draped in the sweetest of summer gowns, talking of college days with a dapper youth with a fratty hatband and positively the latest thing off Broadway in neckwear! And that was one little unknown town in Kansas!

LADD'S GUN STORE

325-37 Kearny Street,
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Guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, camping outfit and athletic goods of every description.
Write for our illustrated catalogue. Best price paid for Raw Fur. Taxidermy work a specialty.

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Best Known Known as the Best
A visit to the Waldorf Hair Store, while in San Francisco, will convince you that the very latest style. We are the only ones that have the very latest style. Manufacturing, Shampooing, Health and Facial Treatment. Hair Dressing. Hair Growing. Hair Growing on the Pacific Coast. Strict attention to Country Orders.

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Best Known Known as the Best
241 Geary St., San Francisco

TRY MURINE When Your Eyes Need Care EYE REMEDY You Will Like It
Liquid Form, 250, 500, Salve Tubes, 250, \$1.00.

A PHASE OF SPRING.

The Wandering Orchestra a Feature which Please Nearly Everyone. The season of the year has come when the wandering orchestra goes around, cornet, clarinet and barytone, and last but not least the big bass horn, says the New York Sun. Cornet may shriek, and clarinet creak and then barytone soften things some, but for grand effects, vast thunder in tone, all depends on the big bass horn.

Hear its rumble and rebound, its swelling surge of sound, its deep and mighty oomph—ah! Let the cornet squeak and the clarinet beat and the barytone mildly ponder—lost, all lost, submerged and swallowed up in the bass horn's mighty thunder.

Spring is the season when the wandering band comes when the weather mellows and people open their windows, and generally it seeks the interior courts of flats and apartment houses, where its audience flatters itself with the fancy that this is a private concert given to it alone and is willing to pay accordingly.

But the band has its vicissitudes. Sometimes it is cut off abruptly in the middle of the first number by an obscure janitor who comes in and says "Skidoo!" Sometimes somebody looks out of a window and says softly, "Shh! You mustn't play here. Somebody sick." Then as the news works around to all the players the music Peters out with a wail; but commonly the band is welcome, and now the cornet screams, and now, now hear the big horn blow, with avalanche-like reverberations within those enclosing walls.

Loud as it is ever, yet for some reason or other it always sounds loudest now in the spring. This may be because people have missed it through the winter, and now it comes as something new, but the more likely reason is that the bass horn now rises up thunder in the winter, which he turns loose in greatest volume in the vernal season, when he first brings the horn into play.

Be that as it may, there is no sound that so appeals to people as that of the big bass horn, in whose deep and blaring and all pervading roar Niagara and Vesuvius are combined.

SOUTH AMERICAN CITIES.

Moder Spirit Seen in Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Peru.

The municipality of Buenos Aires will have its own exhibit, but this will not take into account the indescribable attractiveness of the largest city in the Southern Hemisphere. Here alone is an object lesson of the progress and accomplishment of South America. The business and social life there is equalled only by that of London, Paris or New York. The luxury and display are exceeded not even by these capitals. But what is seen in the metropolis of Argentina by no means exhausts the astonishment of the individual who for the first time becomes really interested in our sister continent, says Albert Hale in the American Review of Reviews. There is no place in the exhibition for illustration of the development of genuine civilization in these cities of South America, but in their way they express even better perhaps than railways and transportation all that is to the credit of these ten republics celebrating a natal day. Manaus, 1,000 miles up the Amazon, is as modern as Kansas City, Rio de Janeiro, which the traveler on the way down must pass, with its magnificient Evidencia Central, its beautiful harbor just nearing completion at a cost of \$50,000,000, can put to the blush many a city of the Old or New World for the excellence of its civic progress and accomplishments of South America.

An American naval astronomer has advanced the theory that the moon's craters are scars of contacts with meteors, not of volcanic origin, as believed since the time of Galileo.

PATENT ATTORNEYS
DEWEY, STODDARD & CO., founded 1869, U. S. and foreign patents; inventors' guide, 100 mechanical inventions for \$1.00. 105 Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco.

Rheumatism Cured by Sero-Therapy.

Wonderful cures are made by our serum. Write now and handle only by the Post Office. Come Writers and Callers. Sero-Therapy Co., 119 Whittier Blvd., 166 Geary St., San Francisco. Cal.

A state exhibition of models of inventions will be held at Wurtenberg, Germany, in the spring to help poor inventors to bring their ideas to the notice of possible purchasers.

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Wonderful cures are made by our serum. Write now and handle only by the Post Office. Come Writers and Callers. Sero-Therapy Co., 119 Whittier Blvd., 166 Geary St., San Francisco. Cal.

Government experts are predicting that the country's gold output this year will exceed that of last year, which totaled \$96,313,300, the greatest for several years.

JUST THE WORK FOR A WOMAN.

Visit Representatives from East to West selling the Vasi Remedy. Most successful system of treatment known. Will give you information and training. Write for particulars. The Vasi Co., Inc., 526-528 Pine St., San Francisco.

Shouldn't We Have a Finger Int?

Germany and England are bending every energy to the commerce and the profits that have already stirred our imagination, says Charles Johnson Post, in Success Magazine, in an article entitled, "Our Chance in South America." "No method of conciliation can appeal to this market do they neglect the training they give their business agents for this particular field is the best in the world; consequently they are getting the business that should be ours, despite the fact that their ports are twice the distance from South American countries as are our ports. Our lack of trade is not the result of any lack of ship subsidies or steamship lines; we have ample lines of steamers to handle the slight amount of commerce that has so far drifted to us. The difficulty lies in the fact that we have not the orders for goods and fall in the ability to get them against this foreign competition. It gets down a question of selling—or salesmanship. Perhaps our splendid vanity in our national shrewdness has its weak spots.

Cradles Unfashionable.

Cradles are going out; children are not wearing them any more. People say that rocking is unhygienic; babies, according to modern idea, should go to sleep naturally in a stationary germ-proof bed, with antiseptic pillows and sanitized rattle. Sentiment may save the cradle for a little while, but sooner or later it will go to the dusty attic along with the hair-cloth sofa. Maybe the infant of tomorrow will bear up somehow under these accumulated misfortunes, will struggle along somehow to maturity, but what about the artists, the poets, the song writers? What world of sentiment and melody has been woven around the theme of the mother and the gently rocking cradle? What kind of song will the poor poet of the future be able to make about an enamored iron crib with brass trimmings!—Success Magazine.

A man can be good natured when he is sick; if he is sick enough to be scared, he will be good natured all right.

Speaking for himself, a man rarely says that competition is the life of trade, as if he really meant it.

The Handy Box of Paradise Sodas



When emptied can be used for fifteen dozen eggs, or a hundred other uses around the house.

All grocers.

STANDARD BISCUIT CO.
Biscuit Makers of Famous Nodges
San Francisco

A Busy Holiday.

"Now, I don't think Tommy'll be staying long on this new job he's took up wid," said Mrs. Herlihy. "Tis too hard for him. Sure he gets no rest at all from Monda' mornin' till Sathurda' night, and 'tis not what the man's doing."

"He has his Sundays to rest in," said Mrs. Herlihy.

"An' what o' that?" said Mrs. Herlihy. "On Sunda's he's got to go to church, an' take the children to their grandmamma's, an' visit wid his coons an' all—'tis no rest at all!"

"Twas wan day out of forty fort he had wid the odd job, wan't it?" queried the caller.

"It was," said Mrs. Herlihy.

"An' what o' that?" said Mrs. Herlihy.

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